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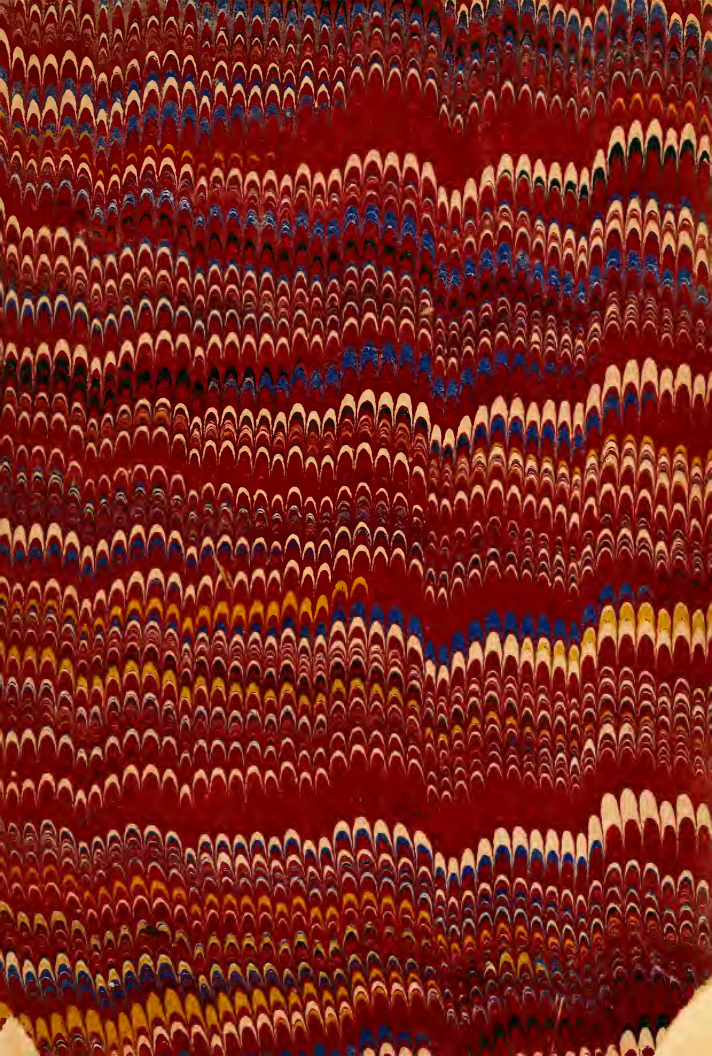

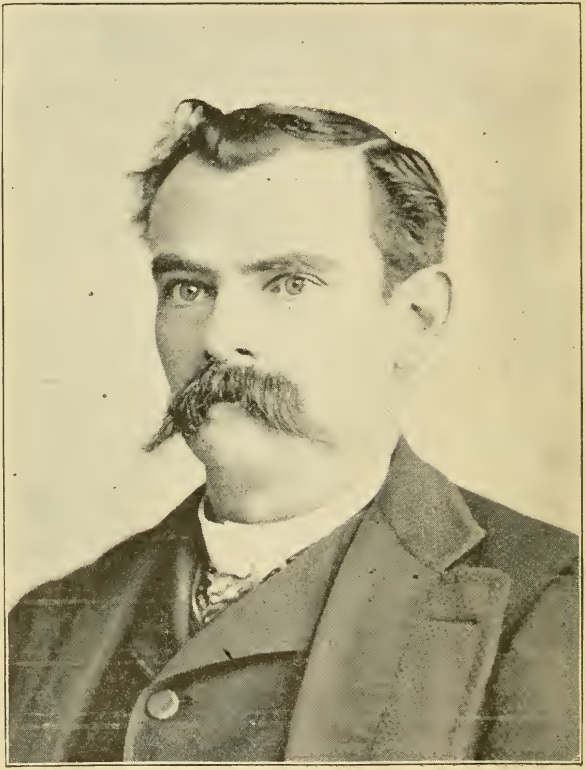

Upward and Onward

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BY

OLIVER J. WRIGHT

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1895.

PREFACE.

Upward and Onward has been written by one who has been and now is, actively and busily engaged in the stern realities of life. The thoughts have been snatched from among the bustle and whirl of business, by one who has never taken a month's vacation. And if the gay and thoughtless pass it by with disdain; we trust and hope the workers in God's vineyard will find some encouragement in it—the business man some consolation—the temperance worker some inspiration—and all who read it some word of kindly advice they will send to the author, who will thankfully receive it.

THE AUTHOR.

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UPWARD AND ONWARD

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WORK.

Should you ask me what is noble,
  Should you ask me what is grand,
Should you ask me how to prosper,
  In this great and glorious land;

I would answer without pausing,
  Not a doubting thought would lurk,
Its been proved too oft for question,
  I would simply answer WORK.

Do you wish for wealth and station?
  Do you wish for land and gold?
Do you wish for something greater
  Than was ever bought or sold?

They are waiting for your coming,
  They are beckoning to you;
Go and gain them by your labor,
  Garlands claimed but by the few.

Do you spring of humble lineage,
Wish to stand among the great;
Do you wish an honored influence,
From your life to emenate?

You can gain the wished for station,
You can gain what e'er you choose,
For reward for toil is certain,
This the world cannot refuse.

While in Gods free land we'er living,
Would we happy ever be,
Would we gain a heavenly mansion,
In His bright eternity,

We must labor in His vineyard;
And His wisdom ever trust,
Be content to ever labor,
Though we labor in the dust.

He allows no idle fraction,
Of His realms so great and grand;
From the stars that gild the heaven
To the flowers on the land;

An appointed course must traverse,
An appointed blossom bear;
Let us take advice from nature,
Willing be to do our share.

If our work we do with gladness,
Never shrink dispond or mourn,
We unto these Heavenly mansions
On Serephic pinions bourn,

Will ascend in robes of whiteness,
Decked with crowns—with honor blessed.
Will rejoice forever after,
And forever be at rest.

HOME.

The place we call our home on earth,
Though filled with sorrow or with mirth,
We're loth to bid a long farewell
And go in other homes to dwell.

For, though we know on earth we stay,
To learn the bright and shining way
That leads to friends, to Heaven, to God,
And find the path their feet have trod.

Yet from the place that gave us birth,
Although the lonliest place on earth,
We cling and cannot reason why,
That we should leave it with a sigh.

But as through life our way we find,
And leave that homestead far behind,
We learn that earthly homes were given,
In which to learn the way to heaven.

In which to learn our griefs to bear,
And with our friends their burdens share;
To be content come what there may,
Submitting humbly to God's way.

For this we'el find where'er we roam,
That joys and sorrows, friends and home,
Are mingled in this world of ours,
Like gleams of sunshine, clouds and showers.

Our troubles come, our sorrows too;
Our joys are with them small and few:
The years roll on, how short they seem,
And life is o'er just like a dream.

Our loved ones pass from earth away,
Or go in other homes to stay;
And we are left for what? and why?
Our God will tell us by and by.

But life is short and we must find
The work for us the Lord designed;
And do it with a willing hand,
If we would gain that heavenly land.

For God designed for all mankind,
A noble work which he must find;
And finding which, must perserve,
With purpose firm and heart sincere.

And though our task seem hard to bear,
We'el cast on Him our every care;
And labor faithful to the end,
Though not on earth remain a friend.

For here on earth our lot is cast,
With that which was not made to last;
So, may the pleasures we shall gain,
Be placed in Heaven, there to remain.

And loved ones on the further shore,
Be beacon lights to guide us o'er,
Or magnets powerful and grand,
Attract us to that better land.

And may our aspirations be
To help our fellow man to see,
That treasures which in Heaven are cast,
Are treasures that will always last.

While treasures laid up here below,
Like castles in the air must go;
But all who strive their cross to bear,
These realms of bliss may surely share.

FRIENDSHIP.

When the cruel blasts of fortune,
Like a winters snowy gale,
Makes our courage lag and falter,
Makes our best endeavors fail;

When our labor and ambition,
Like our castles in the air,
All have vanished without traces,
Of existence any where;

What will give us back our courage?
What revive our lagging zeal?
What will make life seem worth living,
And a golden path reveal?

What inspire us with ambition?
What will melt the mists away?
What will make life bright and happy,
As rose tinted sunny may.

Tis the golden hand of friendship,
Like the rainbow in the sky,
Pointing to the glorious sunshine,
That is coming by and by.

Tis a pure and holy friendship,
That a loving heart can feel;
Tis a sympathetic throbbing,
Of a heart true to our weal.

"Produce Your Cause, Bring Forth Strong Reasons Saith the God of Jacob."

If we are basking in the sunlight of prosperity, or shivering in the hut of poverty. If we are at home surrounded by friends, or a stranger in a strange land. If we are almost the world's hero, or if nearly all the world be our superior; or whatever our surroundings may be, there dwells within each and everyone of us an inborn spirit of worship, and a spirit of pride adverse to worship, prompting us to own or acknowledged *no superior.*

Upon the comingled guiding influence of these, depend the joy or

sorrow, weal or woe, the degredation or emolument of man or nations.

While these inate governing influences are antagonistic; men or nations are unhappy and discontented; or illiterate, selfish and degraded; but when united and harmonious they are prosperous, happy and intelligent.

When they are proud to own they worship a Superior, proud to be governed by a common law of freedom, equity and justice to all, proud to own a governing influence guiding them to a grand eternity at the close of time; peace and happiness attend their way and crowns their existance with undying nobility.

And when I say there is a God in Heaven for us to worship, whom we should be proud to own and acknowledge, not only as our Superior, but as our Saviour ready to assist and able to save all who call upon Him in humble faith: and a way to know how to worship, and how to be proud, so easily learned that "A wayfaring man though a fool, need not err therein." When I have said *this* I have produced my cause, and with the help of His word, can bring forth strong reasons why each and every one should raise their thoughts and voice to God in suplication, adoration and praise.

A little over three hundred years ago a man was born in England who

became the prince of poets. And even to-day the world is compelled to own that in this one particular it cannot produce his equal. His words have jingled through the world for ages; his name is written with indelible letters on the page of story, and his precepts studied by so many that to-day, few are the homes that cannot boast a copy of the writings of the immortal William Shakespeare. But grand as they are, I defy the world to prove we can gain more useful knowledge through the study of his writings, than we can from many, many other sources, for it cannot.

Many have risen to distinction, climbing far up the ladder of knowl-

edge, honor and usefulness, who knew little or nothing of what he has written.

Men o'er whose name
The pen upon the page of story,
In golden letters there have placed
A diadem of glory;
Have lived, have learned, have taught,
Have died, and lived again,
Who knew far less of Shakespeare
Than the average noted man.

Another book was written many long centuries before Shakespeare was born, whose author still lives, whose teachings are in every civilized home beneath the stary heavens. And all who never heard of that book, or read its teachings, are but little above the very brutes. And this fact alone

should give us a sacred patriotism in upholding, protecting and developing our nation's laws, hopes, prosperity, liberty, love and intelligence: for they are all founded on God's Holy Bible.

And this book asks:

"Why do the Heathen rage and the people imagine vain things"? And its teachings enables us to answer, because they have no God; because they are proud of their inferiority instead of God's superiority.

Where no Bibleis found, schools, colleges and churches are unknown.

Where people know nothing of the bible they are ignorant of every other source of knowledge, refinement

or civilization. Search the wide world over and you will invariably find, that they who know most of the bible, and its teachings, and practice them; are most happy.

It raises nations from barbarity to civilization; from poverty to affluence; from imbecility to intellectual nobleness. And if it can raise *nations* morally, financially and intellectually; Can you and I doubt its ability to raise us, or doubt its author's love and power?

Study if you will the face of one acquainted with its teachings, and the face of one who never saw a bible. Upon the one the sunlight that Heaven alone can give; upon the other the shade of savage ignorance.

This world must have been placed here by the author of all cause and effect. Its builder and maker must have been God. And yet how slow are we to acknowledge His superiority. We feel and know and realize that there is a propelling power bearing us rapidly through this world, but pause not to think of that power.

Silently but oh! how rapidly the years roll by. Why do you not stop them? Why do you not stop the moon, the stars, the sun from moving on in their majestic splendor, or reverntly bow to the majestic power that moves them?

We consider life and its realities but stop at death. We search for

knowledge but scorn its author. We love life, honor and happiness, but fail to honor their producer.

We know the mind gathers knowledge, but do not stop to think of Him who created mind.

We instinctively despise authority, but as instinctively seek a leader. From the smallest home to the greatest nation there must be authority. Judgment and justice, must have an authorized distribution. Innocence must have protection and wrong a punishment. All movements whether animate or inanimate must have a guiding hand. The ingenuity of man cannot invent perpetual motion that time and tide cannot defy.

From the watch ticking within your pocket, to the ship upon the ocean, each must have a guiding power.

And can this world float through the air,
Unless a God has placed it there?
And whence the air so pure and free,
That's worth e'en life to you and me?
And whence the light from Heaven above?
But radience from the God of love.
And is there power on earth, to keep
The mighty billows of the deep,
From rushing madly from their place,
And floating through eternal space,
Unless some power beyond this earth,
Has given the mighty ocean birth?
What is home without a mother?
What a school without a teacher?
What a community without officers?
What a world without a God.

We gaze upon the starry heavens; we are rocked to sleep upon the bosom of the ocean; we traverse the land; we climb the majestic mountain; live upon the pure free air; partake of the blessings that only an infinite God can provide; and then instead of claiming the promises of that God and praising Him for these wonderful creations; we say of our insignificant little self; how great and grand am I.

If our simple power enables us to cause a leaden bullet to resist the attractions of this earth; resist the natural inclination God has given it, to keep it down to this earth, so that we cause it to float a few miles

through space; we think we have accomplished considerable: not thinking how God causes, not bullets to float for seconds, but *worlds for ages.*

Oh! how ideotically blasphemous is a little sentence in our language repeatedly used. From the darkest abodes of sin, to the house of God; you will hear it echoed and re-echoed: and its reverberating accents though thoughtlessly spoken, and usually thoughtlessly received; still comes ringing down the corridors of time. We catch the silvery notes, and with egoistical profane selfish insanity; raise our voice for others to hear us say, *do right.* While the response to the command we give and receive on our part sinks in oblivian.

Oh man! consider thy destiny. Submit thy haughty spirit to the will of Him who gave it, and the blessings of civilization, knowlege, honor, respect and distinction are thine. For as from God all blessings flow, from God comes power to us to choose—

Mansions in heaven or darkness in woe.
And choosing which our lot is cast
In realms that will forever last.
We'l live in crescent golden bowers,
Or deaths dark agonies be ours.
A nations honors can't compare
To a single hour over there.
Here are mingled with sorrow or pain,
But over there joy reigns supreme.

Young man! young woman! these golden splendors are *not* gained in death; they are gained in life. They

are gained at church, at home, at school, at work, in the office, behind the counter, with the shovel, and on the farm. Amid the crowding cares of life, and in recreations happy moments. But the inate selfishness of our natures is continually rearing obstructions, which like the waves of the ocean seem mountains to our beclouded visions: barring our way, and preventing the sunlight of God's holy spirit from surrounding us. But as the mighty wave is parted by the ship, so do all barriers to our better advancement melt away, as we bow in adoration to an infinite God. Why do we act against our better judgment, why do we separate ourselves

from God, His temple and the crowning joys that await only the followers of an infinite Saviour?

O! brother,
May you feel within yourself there is a God.
There is a world beyond this vale of tears
That mortals here below may gain;
And gaining which may live in endless joy,
Freed from the law, from sins black bondage free,
Dwelling with those we love in God's eternity.

Are you passing the better things of this life unnoticed? If so in the name of all you hold most dear I beg you to stop.

We are plunging forward on the down grade to eternity so rapidly, that the voices of our friends calling us to down breaks, are scarcely audible. And altogether we know that

unless we with all the energy at our command,—

Strive to cease the downward motion,
And produce an upward start;
We shall reach an awful vortex;
Know the meaning of depart.
Still we sit with blinded eyes and deafened ears
Whirling onward to that fearful end.

In the morning of life we start upon a comparatively level plain: but in manhood the grade changes, the speed increases, and in old age the velocity is so great, that we are seldom able to overcome the power and cause a reaction. Hence it behooves us in youth to start aright, in middle age to stop e'er it be too late. And if in old age, (like a drowning man grasping at the last straw,) strive with the help of God to

Leave the way we'er in,
And on a better road,
Begin our life again;

And on the road to friends, to Heaven and God; how glorious the thought that we may soar to Heaven on pinions of faith; to know that the creator of the universe has prepared a brighter and a better home than this. How beautiful to think of that home over there, and how home-like Heaven may seem to us, if we allow the Holy Spirit to guide our thoughts and permeate our lives.

May we see the way clearer,
The distance seem shorter,
And Heaven grow dearer,
As life wears away.

And to-day, if we have not the assurance of a home awaiting us at

the end of lifes journey, remember—"We know not what a day, or an hour may bring forth". Let us be willing to receive his guiding influence, submitting all to God—yes, give *all* to God. Father take my property, my friends, take *all;* they are all thine. "Thy will, not mine, be done." If I may continue to oversee this property as heretofore, I thank Thee Lord. If I may still continue at the old home, I thank Thee more. If my friends can be spared, I rejoice and thank and praise Thee more: but if it will benefit the world, take one or all, "In thine own good pleasure"; for "The child of a King" remembers, "Thou doest all things well", and in

Thine own good pleasure. And feeling thus, the windows of our soul shall be open to receive the sunlight of His boundless mercy.

But do not look for God to come from a distance, He is near thee even now.

"Wherefore if they say unto you, behold he is in the desert; go not forth: behold; he is in the secret chambers; believe it not. For as the lightening cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be—MATHEW 24.

But perhaps you are not ready now, and are waiting for a more convenient season.

Dear friends, if this be so; will

you or can you give the devil, man or God a reason why. Can you produce a cause why you should continue out from among the friends of civilization—out from among the friends of education and churches—out from among the wisest and best? Casting your influence for heathonism, darkness, degredation and sin. You call upon christians to produce their cause; you call upon them to produce strong reasons for the hope they have for eternal happiness. You criticize their ways, you doubt their honesty, you ridicule their prayers; but you fail to produce a cause, or bring forth a reason for your course. Christians if you have a hope, you can produce a reason for that hope,

and live so that the world can see there is an unseen spirit guiding your walk and conversation: and by so living, you are letting "your light shine", so that others seeing your good works, will glorify our Father in Heaven. We must each produce our own cause, and bring forth our own reasons for the hope we have. We cannot produce a cause for the hope that others have, nor expect the Holy Spirit to come in the same way, or from the same cause.

We have our destiny in our own hands, rough hew them though we may. God places the beautiful and true beside the false and gloomy, and leaves us to choose. He has placed us

here upon earth, but next to the angels, He has given us a mind capable of resisting a Devil or a God, *not both.* We stand between the living and the dead, the past and the future. The follies and the virtues that surround us should be an example to shun or follow. The life and death of Christians should be compared with others, and if we choose a christians death, Remember—

"It is the life we live, and not the death we die, stands first in judgment.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

I wrote a long letter to mother,
For I was her only boy;
And knew if she thought I was happy,
It would fill her heart with joy.

And so with words that were written,
A ripple of harmless fun,
Chased my pen through the letter,
Never stopued till my letter was done.

And I thought as I sealed my letter,
Now mother will never think
That I'm very unhappy sometimes,
And sometimes wicked and drink.

I would not tell her for a fortune,
How dizzy I was that night;
Or the terrible words I uttered,
That caused the disgraceful fight.

I wouldn't tell her, or any old friend,
I knew when I lived on the farm;
They thought if only I smoked segars,
Even that might do me some harm.

I can handle the eucher deck now,
And win as much as I loose;
And if I have not much cash on hand,
I earn as much as I use.

And a strong segar tastes mighty fine,
After an evening of fun;
And lager, wine, and whiskey I drink,
And I love them every one.

There's billiards, too, I handle with luck,
And rattle around complete:
But that never costs me much, you see,
I manage mostly to beat.

Boys, if mother should happen to hear,
I was drinking with you to-night,
This would almost slip from her grasp,
And never again seem bright.

Satan is after me mighty spry,
And after you every one,
And trying to keep us all I judge,
The worst way under the sun.

My pants are thin and my coat is too,
My boots are needing a patch,
I'm a fellow that feels mighty blue;
Feel like the very——old scratch.

Here boys, this glass of liquor I pass;
Pour it back in the keg;
Makes me think of the Devil, I swear!
He would like to make me beg.

What! And don't be a baby say you,
Take up that liquor and drink.
I never deceived or cheated yet,
Am I fooling you now do you think?

Whether I drank or played with you boys
You always called me a man.
I'm more of a man if I stop it now;
Deny the fact if you can.

Your friendship boys I prize very much,
I want it true as I'm here;
But friendship sure would be mighty poor,
Purchased with whiskey or beer.

What is the reason I stop? say you;
I've told you plain as can be;
But if some other reasons I give,
My reasons you sure can see.

I never have lied to mother, boys,
Or deceived her any way,
Till I sent her the letter I wrote,
And put in the office to-day.

Didn't deceive her much to be sure
But it made me fell so small;
When I thouhht how good she'd been to me,
I tried to deceive her at all,

And when I stood at my desk to-day,
My employers voice I heard.
I did not intend to listen boys,
But understood every word.

He told how prompt and steady I was
Never went off on a spree;
I felt like a liar or thief boys,
And little as I could be,

This wasn't all set me thinking,
But I dreamed a dream last night,
And all of us were out in a boat,
And every one of us tight.

But the boosiest fellow there, boys,
Was the landlord at the bar;
He had the helm pretending to steer,
While smoking a huge segar.

The day was fair as you ever saw,
The river smooth as could be;
But soon the clouds began to arise,
As we drifted toward the sea.

And when the wind and the lightning came,
We tried to pull for the shore;
But the way landlord managed the helm,
The farther off we were borne.

But the people on the shore we saw,
As plain as I can see you,
And every one that we saw there,
Was somebody that we knew.

Sister I saw almost wild with grief,
Father was there with her, too;
But the fearfulest sight that I saw,
Was the mothers of that crew.

Oh, God! I can almost hear the growns
And shrieks of mothers on shore,
As on mad rushing waters we rode,
From mothers we'd see no more.

And just as the breakers sealed our fate,
Came my mother's dying cry;
Dropping dead, her last were,
"Boy oh my boy must you die"!

Then as the breakers covered my head,
The waters rang in my ears,
And I thought of heaven and hell, boys,
As not for many long years.

And although it was naught but a dream,
You see it all may come true,
And so I got off from that boat boys,
God save the rest of the crew.

I found an old pledge in my trunk, boys,
And tackled it with my name;
And I want you to tackle it too;
Sam take the lead, do the same.

I did not come here to preach to you,
I (blackest sheep in the flock),
Know it would take but a little more,
To make me a downright sot.

I have tried an occasional glass,
Have tried a moderate share,
Occasional *is*, *too* slow,
Moderation we never can bear.

We may climb the ladder of life boys,
With slow reliable tread;
But stop for an occasional drink,
Some one else gets our place that's ahead.

And sure as *action* is natures law,
Everything is bound to change;
If men can moderately manage drink,
And nothing else it is strange,

You are passing that pledge around,
In an intelligent way,
And you that have written your names down,
Will all have something to say.

Well landlord you are the very last,
That I expected to win:
May God bless you all my dear comrades,
Starting ilfe over again.

And comrads if the serpants venom,
Has passed beyond our control,
Then we'el call upon Dr. Keeley
Boys, to make our body whole.

And then with a soul redeemed by God,
A body redeemed by man,
Once more we're ready to conquer, boys,
The Devil and all his Clan.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

As the twilight shadows were wrapping,
The day in its mantle of night:
And as I sat thinking of Heaven,
That beautiful city of light.

And comparing with earthly splendor,
The beauties that must be up there:
And thinking of those that are waiting,
Mid those splendors free from all care,

Thinking of lifes beautiful missions,
Its duties and crosses to bear:
Then methought this life is worth living;
If its lived for the life over there.

If its lived for a loving Saviour,
That fashions these splendors divine;
With eye ever single to duty,—
I prayed may these virtues be mine.

May I though I'm weak in His service,
Grow strong in my love for His cause,
Be nerved for the conflict before me,
Be never e'en tempted to pause.

And while I was praying that evening
For wisdom and intellect grand,
To proclaim to the world the beauties,
That wait in that bright golden land.

All at once it seemed I was nearer,
To the dear ones, heaven and God;
The rough paths before me seemed smoother
Than any I ever had trod.

My weakness had always been mountains,
Divirting God's sunlight from me,
But now I resolved to do something,
Though little that something might be.

I had always waited for others,
To speak of His glories divine,
And prayed—my Father forgive me.
Their words are more gifted than mine,

But now from that bright golden temple,
These words seemed were spoken to me,
"Open thy mouth and I will fill it"—
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

If others all waited in silence,
How then could the story be told;
Go work yourself in His vineyard,
And He will pay you at night in gold.

You are living on earth, remember,
You've not reached that bright golden shore
And while on this earth you are living,
Improvement should come evermore.

This world is a world of improvement,
And even in heaven they grow,
For have you not heard how the angels,
From glory to glory go.

So if you are weak in His service,
And wish to grow strong in Hisgrace,
Start at the foot of the ladder,
With the lowliest take your place.

MANAGE YOUR OWN MANOUVERS.

If a man should meet misfortune,
That decreased his worldly store—
If the Guiding Power of heaven
From his home his loved ones bore.

If his labor and ambition,
Like his castles in the air—
All have vanished without traces
Of existance any where.

If he totters on the vortext,
Of discouraged yawning chasm—
And misfortunes twitch and torture
Like a hydrophobiac spasm.

As he glances from the debras,
To the unbenignant world—
Sees fortunes friends, are traitors now,
With their banners all unfirled.

Sees that those with smiling faces,
Who have fed from off his store,
Are gnawing at his character
With a glutton's greediest lore.

Sees that Aunts with smiling faces,
Their miscreant sons would teach,
To gobble all his dollars
That come within their reach.

Then entwine his name elastic,
With play ball sarcastic sound,
So that all his aunts and cousins,
May receive and pass it round.

Sometimes caught by hands that save it,
From a bats terrific whack,
That would warped it just a little,
If it had not made a crack.

As it passes through creation,
Like a feather in the air;
And he's powerless to arrest it,
And he's ready to dispar.

As he looks upon the torrents,
That are raging round his name,
Of course he'll grin and bear it,
He had better not complain.

For although with fair intentions,
He intreated for a rest,
The devil keeps things lively,
That will serve his cause the best.

When hells agents flock around him,
His perceptions to beguile,
With their promises to help him,
And their fiendish angel smile.

MANAGE YOUR OWN MANOUVERS—Continued.

When they tell him how dame fortune,
With a lavish willing hand;
Will supply his emptied coffers,
And his enemies disband.

If he'll only kneel before them,
And submit to them his will,
He will find his dose of trouble,
A nice sugar coated pill.

How the world upon their shoulders,
They can balance like a poll;
How they carry all the virtues,
That will save his very soul.

Do you wonder that he's blinded,
By wiles of classic features,
And mistskes for angels smiling,
Some of earth's malignent creatures?

Who artistically point downward,
In reference to a Heaven;
Saying that he wants to go there,
With perhaps some less than seven.

Just because he answered kindly,
With perhaps a bit of vim;
Something about my own business,
Which should have been *ours* to them.

And speaks out with some decision,
And perhaps a firmness too;
What I've lost is my misfortune,
What I've left is not for you.

Could you wonder if their language,
And their hell polluting rod;
With their bogus boasted virtues,
Almost turned him from his God?

When they told why friends forsook him,
Why his relatives went back;
And that all his friends and neighbors,
Would soon all be on his track?

To scourge, to beat and to spurn him,
As they named them one by one,
Would common human nature,
Keep quite virtouusly mum?

Or would it rouse his Adam
With a kind of virtuous spunk;
To stink some small opposition,
To something else that—that stunk?

Some perhaps would bourn the perfume,
But I poor deluded soul,
Let the wind out of their bubble,
With a sharp pen pointed pole.

Then settled down contented,
Like a schoolboy with a grin;
When he sees some other fellow,
Sit down on a crooked pin.

Now to all dear friends and neighbors,
And relatives most dear;
The author of this nonsense,
Still pursues his mad career—

Still exists among the rubbish,
Of his wasted misspent years;
Looking on the wild confusion
With some smiles, and many tears.

He has stood the target practice,
Has received the balls they sent;
And remains the same old target,
But with now and then a dent.

MANAGE YOUR OWN MANOUVERS—Continued.

But from out the dire confusion,
Following such an evil wake;
There is some good all can gather,
Some lessons all can take.

If the world seems all above you,
And you are tumbled in a heap,
Or see others in such troubles,
Trying to regain their feet.

Do not think 'twill gain you glory,
To direct a man to hell,
The world will think your on the way,
For you know the road so well.

No text is broad enough, no thought is deep enough, no words explicit enough to do the subject justice.

For me to write of the incentives to prayer would be to write of what we are and what we hope to be; of our life and our life work terrestrial and celestial, from our cradle to our grave, from time to eternity. Therefore hastily glancing at a few points and mingling with them a little personal experience, I shall leave the subject to be continued and developed by the reader.

Let us notice the natural or in-

born spirit of worship that dwells within the heart of each and every human being. And as nature has not and does not endowe us with any unattainable aspiration or inclination, or give us a desire to do that which cannot be done, we know the natural incentives with which we are endowed, and which are prompting us to ask a Superior Being for assistance and guidance in our aims and aspirations, and for the things we are in need of, *is not a delusion.* And we know that, That Being must be the author and finisher of perfection. We know that He must *be* perfection because we are totally incapable of uttering a word in faith, in a petition

for anything that is not for a good cause, or for the elevation of the world in general.

No robber ever started on his journey of pillage and plunder with a prayer to God for guidance and success. No murderer ever drove the knife to his victims heart with a faithful petition for Divine approval.

No being ever fostered an evil aspiration, or inclination, and prayed for a Divine blessing thereon.

If then there is not, and never has been in existence, any who were inclined or capable of prayerfully prompting, or encouraging any evil propencity, or anything that would work evil to mankind—but on the con-

trary every grand and noble action, or impulse seemed to have originated BY PRAYER.

If then I say, it is impossible to pray for the accomplishment of an evil design: and almost as impossible to keep from praying for the accomplishment of a good purpose. Is not prayer a safe and beautiful way to discern between good and evil? Is it not prayer that enables us to gain the beautiful and true and avoid the false and gloomy? Is it not prayer that enables us to climb the ladder of faith to an elevation from which we may discern the good even in the distance that is slowly and steadily advancing, retarded only by the evil

that is before it? And is it not prayer that gently, thoughtfully, humbly, gladly and triumphantly, enables us to pass around the evil and secure the good? Is it not prayer that enables us to climb even to the summit of what we ever hope to be? Yes, and even to the crowning glories of eternity. And yet we hear many say, I have met with so many troubles and toils from which I have prayed for deliverance. I have met with so many disappointments in my earthly career thus far. I have failed to have so many prayerful requests granted. Nothing turns out as I expected. There has never a year passed wherein my expectations have been fulfilled by my

aspirations culminating in realization: that I have almost lost the little faith I had, and am unable to get more. THE LORD PITY YOU. Have you been praying for time or eternity? Have you been marking out the road, and showing God the way, or have you been looking for the way and asking God to show it to you? Have you been praying for a few earthly pleasures to enjoy to-day, and weary of to-morrow. Or have you been praying for the grand celestial pleasures of God's eternity, for yourself, and others?

Have you remembered that your mind was your spirit, your heart your *soul?* Have you remembered, that mind, heart, spirit and soul are

synonymous words? And have you remembered that you never spent an hour or a moment for the improvement of that mind and met with a disapointment? You went to school to learn and you learned. And you have that knowledge to-day, and you will have it in eternity. You read the bible and you pray to learn the way to heaven and you learn it. You search for wisdom and the development of the mind, and every moments effort has its sure reward. And failure never has been, never will be, and never can be known. You pray for the crowning glories of time, and meet with disapointment, for they are bubbles. But pray for the glories

of eternity and find they are diadems that will some time deck your crown of glory. Find them—

Golden chariots to ride in,
Golden mansions to abide in,

The work we do to obtain the honor, joys, comforts and necessities of this life, must occasionally meet with disappointment and failure: for they are "of the earth earthly". But the labor we perform for the elevation of our own mind, and the minds of others, will never be wasted or misspent moments. And those moments though shining brightly upon earth, will shine brighter in heaven. Therefore if God sometimes denies the earthly things we ask for, we should thank Him for so doing, for He

knows our needs. And we will pray with deeper earnestness and purer faith, for the heavenly blessings that He never denies. And for a knowledge of the earthly blessings, He is so willing to bestow and for which He desires us to pray.

Dear reader, if you are happy and are not praying for that, which produces it; let me say to you, that, that happiness is transitory. If that happiness diverts you from the accomplishment of good to yourself or to the world, it cannot last. If that happiness prevents you from learning the way to heaven or becoming better acquainted with God, or from fostering a prayerful spirit, or from praying.

That happiness is a dream that is almost ended. But the joys that fill our hearts with gratitude to God. The joys for which we raise our hearts in greatful thanks to the Author of happiness; are the joys that remain with us, whether they be for this world, or for heaven, or for both. Well do I remember when a boy, of how I longed for a span of horses I could call my own. And while but a boy, by my prayers and my own exeritions, that wish was gratified. Well do I remember how I received it as a God like fruition. Reverently and prayerfully received it, and as truly thanked the God, I faithfully knew must be the giver. That pleasure

has always remained. And as long as it tends heavenward, or I desire or need it, God will provide it.

Once I was in trouble in regard to a financial transaction. I started out with no definite idea of how I should, or would proceed. But went prayerfully. It seemed as though my reputation was at stake, and must be burned in martydom by those financial heritics, with which our world is filled. I went on my own way in sadness—but with a prayer to God for guidance, and a little bit of faith that he would see me safely though. I met a friend—and as I stopped to pass a friendly greeting he asked me to do for him a favor: the doing of which, though

he knew it not, would dispel the gloom that surrounded my pathway as beautifully, and as quickly as the rising sun dispels the darkness of night, or disolves the mists of the morning.

Could I fail to pray again—or could I fail to see an incentive to prayer?

Once I said to the sisters of a dying girl? do you believe there is a power beyond this earth that can save —and can you believe that prayer will bring that power to your assistance? Do you believe that "When two or three are agreed as touching one thing it shall be done"? And they said—God is able to let us pray. And as we reverently knelt to offer our

supplication; I think it was the experience of each of us that the refulgent beauties of eternity never dawned upon our visions; or surrounded us with so holy a magnifiicense as at that time. Do you suppose the previous thoughts of our hearts were words that our lips could utter? Do you suppose that our human selfishness prevailed at that moment, or would the heavenly halo that surrounded us, enable, and cause us to ask God to take the selfishness out of our hearts? And if it was His will that she must go—to make our cross her crown—to make our loss her gain—to make our sorrow her joy, and to make us feel that we had not laid up

the treasures in heaven we might have done; and therefore God has come and taken our treasure and placed it in heaven, that our hearts might be there also.

The prayer that we had thought to offer remained unspoken—withheld in a manner that God alone can account for, and in its place the parting words of our blessed Saviour, "Not my will, but thine, Oh! God, be done". And as the spirit was wafted heavenward to the God who gave it, as it approached the dark river with enthusiastic courage, and calm reliance, that caused even death to be "Swallowed up in victory", the members of that prayer circle turned from the

scene with a knowledge that, prayer was the pleasure boat on which she joyfully glided over the dark waters to that better land.

Was this an incentive to prayer? They learned that prayer is a life boat, and must be ready for use at all times, and in all places. They learned that the darkness of eternity is made bright and beautiful by it. They learned that there is a pathway through earth that leads to heaven: and that only prayer will enlighten the way, so that we may keep therein. They learned that all that is worth living for, both here, and hereafter; is gained by the prayers of faithful christians.

Are not these incentives to prayer? But there has been many times during my life, I have found myself praying for something, I was not working faithfully to get. And here is where I loose my faith. Here is where I have found that prayer is not prayer, or in other words—my thoughtless request was not a prayer. What we pray for, must earnestly be desired. What we desire must earnestly and energetically be worked for.

God Himself does not get anything He does not work for. He desired a world once and labored a week before He finished it. And after the finishing touches were put on, He looked it over and said it was a good

world; and I heartily agree with Him, and give Him praise and thanks for permitting me to live in it. And that world with millions of other worlds He set in motion, and by His watchful care and unceasing devoted labor, He has kept revolving ever since, without a collision that He did not intend, and without a pause in their grand and complicated immensity. And with all this work, that for us must be done, can we expect Him to do for us what we can do for ourselves with a little of His help? Or can we fail to learn that prayer is faith, and thought, and desire, and love, and words? And the incentives—

All that makes life happy and worth living,
All that makes death victorious,
All that makes heaven our home,
All that makes eternity bright and beautiful.

DO YOUR BEST.

Not from any lack of labor,
Or never stopping to rest,
Can I give as any reason,
For not having done my best.

I've worked with a double purpose,
I have done enough for two,
And what three have left unfinished,
I have succeeded to do.

While others rested I labored.
Recreation seldom took;
I loved to think and to study,
And I loved my pen and my book.

But rough hand labor was plenty,
Money must somehow be had;
But reading seldom brings money,
Money it takes to buy bread.

And so I labored for riches,
To help me to do my best;
And thought with the help of riches,
I could accomplish the rest.

I oft neglected the churches,
My mission for God forsook,
Humanities needs I slighted,
Social pleasures seldom took.

With a mind too full of business,
And a mind not over large,
Went back on my constitution,
Like a gun with an overcharge.

And it also hit my pocket,
So I failed to meet bills,
And when creditors get grumbling,
It leads to many ills.

This all would have been avoided
Had I worked more for my God,
For He knew how things were going,
So He gently used the rod.

I have changed—the Lord has blessed me,
For He changed the other part,
And my creditors are happy,
For I've got another start.

My life is more than half ended,
A round up I try to take,
And find how many lost chances,
My search for riches will make.

Had I worked more in God's vineyard,
Been in society found,
I think I'd be near heaven,
And not so near underground.

DO YOUR BEST—Continued.

It is not all the sweat of the brow,
We need in doing our best;
The Lord has never intended
Us never to take a rest.

The sweat of the brow is needed,
To start the sweat of the brain:
And social pleasures are needed,
Vigor and strength to retain.

For unless my friends we're social,
As angels we'd be a disgrace,
And loose the deed to our mansions,
And probably loose our place.

Man never was made with cog wheels
To tick a regular round,
Or he'd have springs and endless chains,
And somewhere he could be wound.

Man must work some in God's vineyard,
When he is doing his best,
And the change from earthly labor,
He will find a blessed rest.

To quicken his mind for business,
A pleasure trip now and then,
Will give him some new ideas,
And teach him the ways of men.

Now I believe in religion,
And going to heaven at last,
But not in working to hard,
And going to heaven too fast.

If Christians want to make money,
In a regular business line,
They have got to *use religion*,
And put it in *every* time.

When religion is part of man,
He is bound to work on the square,
For he's part of heaven himself,
And crooks must keep out of there,

Religion will mix in politics,
If its only big and stout,
To stand a thump from every stump,
And never get clean kicked out.

Religion is good in churches,
Some preachers get it right smart,
They go to college to find it,
And don't have it when they start.

They think there is money in it,
But God will not hear them pray,
But He takes away the profit,
So they can't afford to stay.

But there is now and then a preacher,
With commission from above,
They get their pay for laboring,
From the people that they love.

By working for God in earnest,
And doing their level best,
They have never yet been needy,
And they trust God for the rest.

Now friends don't bank your religion—
Keep it circulating round—
Keep your saw and hammer ready—
Keep your ax and chisel ground.

Keep them bright by constant using—
Try and do your level best—
Don't sit down and give up working;
That would never give you rest.

Work—work hard for God in heaven,
Work for health, for friends, for gold;
Keep your manhood, keep your credit,
Spend your dollars and be bold.

Bold to say—I've learned to labor,
Where the Lord may choose to send—
And I'll help my friends to labor
By my friendship to the end.

Then, go build the walls of Zion—
Build up manhood, body, soul—
For moral, mental, and physical,
Is what makes a perfect whole.

The world will not miss your body,
But it may remember thought,
And influence you exerted,
And the lessons you have taught.

Then work for a noble manhood,
And strive for a perfect mind,
Pray for a heavenly influence,
While living for all mankind.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

Go if you can in this enlightened day,
Where no one cares for Mrs. Grundy's say,
Where womans noblest nature shapes her course,
Where her grand friendship from its holy source
Pores forth its bright heaven born refulgent ray,
As God directs, and not as people say.

And there you'd find her noble friendship's worth
Men know, and prize, and cherish here on earth;
Are guided heavenward by its power,
Are gathering manhood neath its bower,
But when her golden friendship she withdraws,
Men drown for friendship grasping after straws.

Men are in contact more than women think,
With other evils just as bad as drink,
And if he does not sink to rise no more,
A woman's friendship left ajar the door,
Where he could enter and a welcome find,
With her pure friendship elevate his mind.

Men as a mass our mighty nation through,
Deem women perfect, holy, good and true,
Believes that she possesses—and he's right—
More power thats pleasing in God's sight,
Than any man that lives benearth the sky,
He gives no reason and he cares not why,

Woman we prize your friendship more than life,
And seek it long before we seek a wife;
Why pass us then with word akin to frown,
And wonder why in drink our cares we drown,
When by an invitation sent by you,
Will Christians be and all try to be true.

Once, twice or thrice perhaps we come to you,
We offer friendship and you take it too;
And in return methinks I hear you say,
If not in words, in actions plain as day—
There's Mr. Jones who often comes this way,
If you come, too, pray what will people say?

Our visits then must cease, sad words but true,
Drink once again friendship forsaken crew.
Why can't you take us men for what we're worth?
Withhold your friendship here upou this earth
We sink in sin, as starving beggars fall.
Oh! give us friendship, hear our starving call.

It is not love we ask so pure and grand,
But friendship with its welcome through the land,
For men without a home to keep them brave,
Who in a manly way your friendship crave,
Of you whose storehouse ever yields pure gold,
Be it in friendship or in love untold.

But men you say must ever dig for gold.
Yes, dig, wait, starve, grow wrinkled, gray and old,
We'er brothers and as sisters you we seek,
If you will friendly be and plain words speak,
Nor treat as poodle, Indian or bear,
In true manhood we'el climb the golden stair,

If we are as energetic as Columbus, as devoted as Luther, as orator ical as Demosthenese, as poetical as Homer, or as philisophical as Plato; we could not please every body. But hope for the best, prepare for the worst, be willing to work in humble places: and we will find the day is not far distant when the world will admit that it is none the worse for our sojourn in it: and we shall have an approving conscience and the smile of Heaven.

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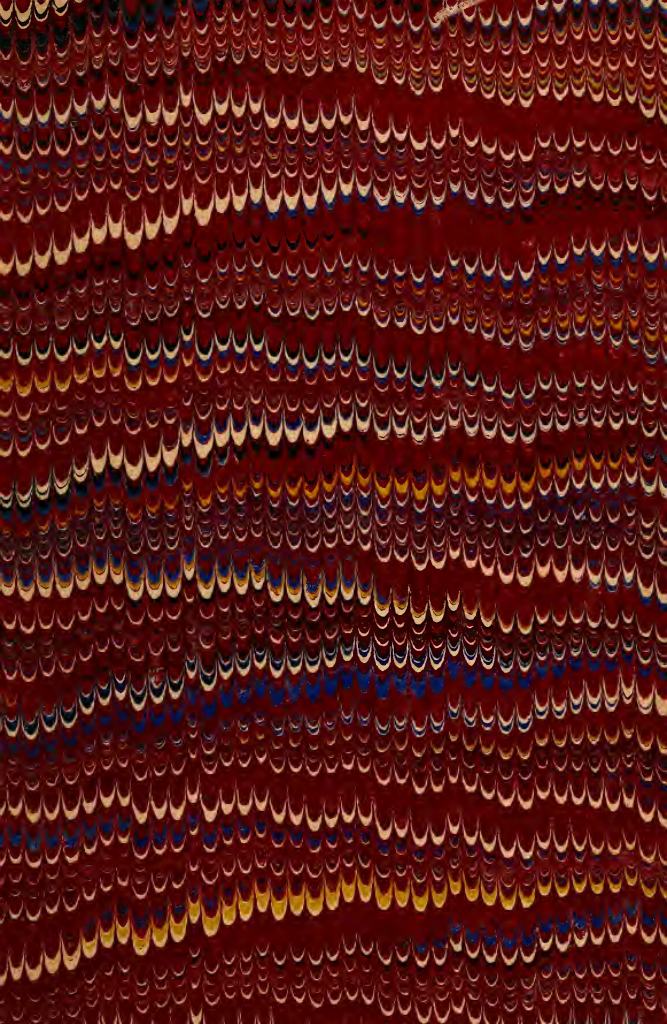

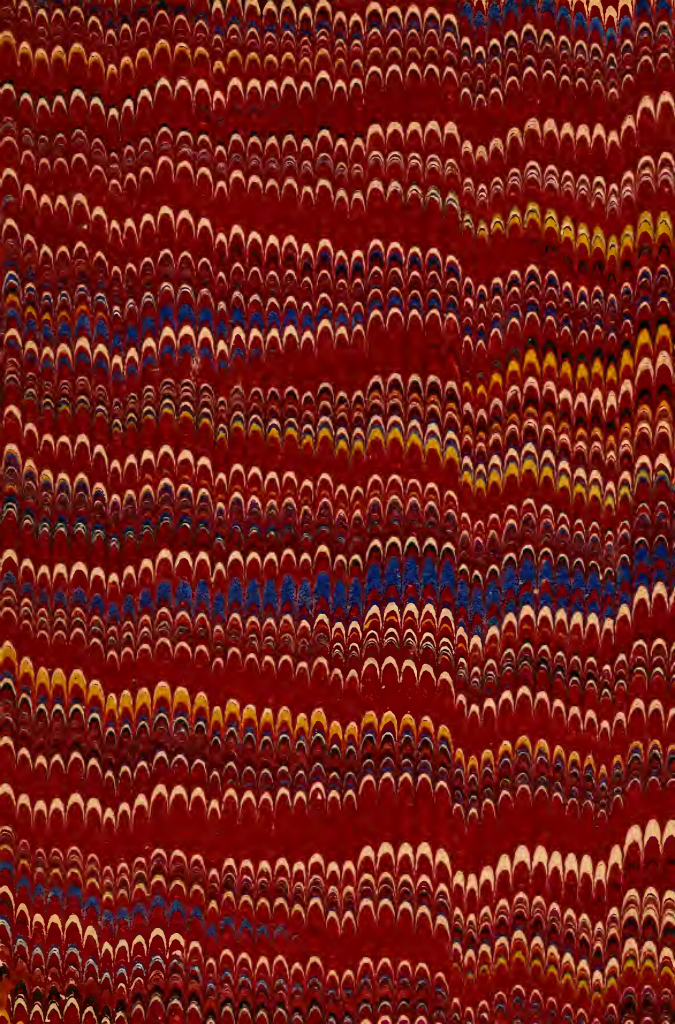

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